The LOYAL SCOT;

An Excellent New SONG.

To an Excellent New SCOTCH Tune.

5 April. 1682.

[1]

BRead of Geud! I think the Nation's mad,
And nene but *Knaves* and *Perjur'd Loons* do rule the
And for an *Honest Karl* ne Living's to be had; (Roast;
Why ſure the Deel is Landed on the *Engliſh* Coaſt.

Iha' ne'r been here ſin' *Forty Three*,
And now thro' *Scotland* gang to ſee our gracious King;
But Wunds a Geud, inſtead of Mirth and Merry Glee,
I find aud Sniveling *Presbyter* is coming in.

[2]

For they talk of *Horrid Popiſh Plots*, and Heav'n knows (what,
When all the wiſer world knows well what they'd be
For with ſike like Sanctity the Geudeſt *King* (at;
They did to Death and Ruine bring.

When on the Civil Broils they firſt did enter in,
(as well ye ken) with *Popery* they did begin;
And with *Liberty* and *Publick Geud* was muckle din,
When the Deel a bit they meant the *Thing*.

[3]

That Machine of Monſtrous Policy,
I mean old ~~*Shaftsbury*~~ for *Loyalty* ſo fam'd;
The voice of all the *Geudly Rabble Mobile*,
The falſeſt Loon that ever Envy deſtin'd Damn'd.

Heav'n ſure never meant ſo fou a Thing,
But to inform the World where Villany did dwell:
And ſike a Traytor both to *Common-wealth* and *KING*
The muckle Deel did ſurely never hatch in *Hell*.

[4]

For, like *Roman Cateline*, to gain his pious Ends,
He pimps for all the Looſe *Rebellious Fops* in Toon;
And with *treats* & *treaſon* daily crams his *City-Friends*,
From the *Link-man* to the *Scarlet-Goon*.

And with high Debauchery they carry on the *Cauſe*,
And *Geudly Reformation* is the Sham pretence;
And Religiouſly deſie Divine and Humane Laws,
With Obedience to their Rightful Prince.

[5]

Then a SPEAKER to this Grand *Cabal*,
Old Envy *Tony* ſeated at the Head o'th' Board,
His Learn'd Oration for *Rebellion* makes to *All*,
Applauded and approv'd by ev'ry Factious Lord.

Cully Jemmy then they Vote for KING, *Duke of Monmouth.*
Whom *curſe* confound for being ſike a ſenſeleſs *Loon*;
Can they who did their lawful Lord to th' *Scaffold* bring
Be juſt to him that has no Title to a Croon.

[6]

But they find he is a Block-head fitted for their Uſe,
A *Fool* by Nature, and a *Knave* by Cuſtom grown;
A *Gay-Fop-Monarch*, whom the *Rabble* may abuſe;
And their buſineſs done, will ſoon Unthrone.

But *Jemmy* ſwears and vows, gan he can get the Croon,
He by the Laws of *Forty Ene* wou'd guided be;
And Prophane *Lawn-ſleeves* and *Surplices* again muſt
Then hey for our *Old Presbytery*. (down,

[7]

Buckingham
B——a States-man would be thought, (Name;
And reaſon geud that he ſhou'd bear that Rev'rend
Since he was one of them that firſt began the *PLOT*,
How the *King* might Banter, & *Three Kingdoms* Sham.

All the *Male-contents* His Noble Grace
To this Rehearſal did invite, to hear and ſee:
But whilſt he wittily contriv'd it but a *Farce*,
The buſier Noddles turn'd it into *Tragedy*.

[8]

And now each Actor does begin to play his Part,
And too ſo well he cons his Geer, and takes his Cue,
Till they learn to play the *Rebel* to by rote of Heart,
That the Fictitious Story ſeems as true.

And now, without controll, they apprehend and hang;
And with the Nation all is *Goſpel* that they Swear;
Then Bonny *Jockey* prethee back to *Scotland* gang,
For a *Loyal Lad*'s in danger here.

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